

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M. BY

JOHN T. TOWERS.

Office corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth street.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 day - \$0 50	1 square 1 month - \$3 50
1 do 2 days - 62	1 do 2 months - 5 00
1 do 3 do - 75	1 do 3 do - 7 00
1 do 1 week - 1 25	1 do 6 do - 12 00
1 do 2 weeks - 2 25	1 do 1 year - 24 00

Longer advertisements at equally favorable rates.

Ten lines or less to make a square.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The STANDARD will be delivered to subscribers in the District at ten cents per week, payable to the carriers; or, when preferable, they can pay at the office for a longer period. Subscribers will be furnished, by mail, ten weeks for one dollar; and in no case will the paper be continued beyond the time paid for. Single copies two cents.

PROSPECTUS.

THE undersigned, believing that a cheap daily Whig newspaper at the seat of Government would prove a valuable auxiliary to the Whig cause during the approaching Presidential contest, will publish, on the first Monday in November next, a thorough and decided Whig paper, entitled,

THE WHIG STANDARD,
devoted to the principles and policy of that party, as laid down in the following declarations by HENRY CLAY:

1. A sound National Currency, regulated by the will and authority of the Nation;
2. An adequate revenue, with fair protection to American Industry;
3. Just restraints on the Executive Power, embracing further restrictions on the exercise of the Veto;
4. A faithful administration of the Public Domain, with an equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of it among the States;
5. An honest and economical administration of the General Government, leaving public officers perfect freedom of thought, and of the right of suffrage, but with suitable restraints against improper interference in elections;
6. An amendment of the Constitution limiting the incumbent of the Presidential office to a single term.

To this announcement we believe every true and ardent Whig will favorably respond. The hearts of the Whig army, whose ranks were unbroken, and whose banners floated unstricken during the campaign of '40, must, everywhere, swell with glorious pride at the memory of the past, and their hopes encouraged by their joyful anticipations of the future. It is true a nightmare of treachery now rests upon the energies of the party; but shall we not arouse to the importance of the political conflict which is about to ensue? There are at this time, free opposition papers at the Seat of Government, each, in its way, endeavoring to sap the foundations of the Whig party, and blasting the prosperity of the country by the measures they propose. Shall we not rally against the foes excited by these emissaries, whose corrupt and atrocious motives are manifest by their wrangling for spoils which they never can win? We know the response of millions of freemen will be "AY, RALLY!" Already the "hum of either army still sounds;" already the general furnishing of arms "gives dreadful note of preparation;" then let ours be a bright and death-dealing sword in the conflict. Let us rally under a leader upon whose standard is inscribed "Liberty, Order, the Constitution;" whose great political and personal virtues endear him to every generous heart, and whose patriotism has never been excelled—let us rally for HENRY CLAY, the Statesman and Sage, the friend of the workingman, the idol of his country, which, for forty years, next to his God, has had his chief care.

In addition to the thorough Whig course which this paper will pursue, its readers will be furnished with the earliest local intelligence of the city and District, and the general news of the day.

The daily hour of publication will be 4 o'clock in the evening; and during the session of Congress a synopsis of its proceedings will be given up to that hour, by able reporters; enabling us thus to transmit abroad, through its columns, whatever of interest may transpire, at the earliest hour.

THE WHIG STANDARD will be published, daily, at 10 cents per week, payable to the carriers.

The paper will be mailed to subscribers out of the District, at \$5 per annum, payable in advance, or for a shorter period at the above rate.

As soon as the Presidential campaign shall be fairly opened, a weekly paper, at one dollar for the campaign, will be published for country circulation.

P. S. All communications by mail must be post paid, or they will remain in the post office.

JOHN T. TOWERS.

CHARLES S. WALLACE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

NO. 6, WEST WING, CITY HALL.

nov 6—1y

DANIEL CAMPBELL, late Polkthorn & Campbell, Saddler, Harness, and Trunk maker, Pennsylvania avenue, five doors east of Gadsby's hotel, continues to manufacture Saddles, Brides, Carriage, Waggon, Cart, and Plough Harness, Trunks, Valises, and Saddle Bags, of all kinds. Military equipments made to order.

* Any of the above articles furnished at the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. nov 6

ROBERT P. ANDERSON, Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street. Binding and Machine Ruling, of any kind or pattern, neatly and promptly executed, and on as good terms as any other establishment in the District. nov 6

ANESCA'S FRENCH COURSE, an Oral System of Teaching Living Languages, illustrated by a practical course of lessons in the French through the medium of the English, by JEAN MANESCA, fourth edition, revised. For sale by R. FARNHAM, corner 11th street and Penn. av. Where may be found all the French School books now in use, and sold at very low prices. nov 6

RULED CAP AND LETTER FOR \$1 50 PER REAM.—For sale, ruled cap and letter paper at \$1 50 per ream; cheap blank and memorandum books; Russia quilts; copy books; and cheap school stationery; for sale by WM. F. BAYLY, Agent for Herrick & Blunt. nov 6—6m Penn. av. between 11th and 12th st.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.—The undersigned, being appointed agent to receive subscriptions for this popular, cheap, and widely-circulated periodical, (which is published every Saturday in the city of New York, at \$5 per annum, in advance,) respectfully calls the attention of his literary friends and the citizens of the District generally to the first number of the second volume, received by him on Saturday last, which he will have pleasure in lending to any gentleman who may be desirous of reading and examining its contents. It is confidently believed that the original matter, selections, London Correspondence, Parliamentary Summary, and general contents of the Anglo-American, as presented in the volume already published, will on examination, especially recommend it to the literary reader and the public in general.

To those subscribers who pay one year in advance the publishers of the Anglo-American promise to give a magnificent portrait of Washington, 24 inches by 16, which has just been engraved in the very highest style of art.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,
Office cor. 6th st. and Lou. av.

NEW FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.—The subscriber has received an additional supply of Fancy and Staple Goods, which, added to his former stock, makes his assortment as complete as any in the District. He respectfully invites a call from his friends and the public generally, and assures them that he will sell them goods upon as fair terms as they can be obtained at any other establishment in the District. In part, as follows—

- FANCY GOODS.**
10 pieces rich cashmere de cosse, a splendid article for ladies' dresses
10 pieces Louisianes, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses.
5 pieces French printed velvets, new patterns, and very beautiful
20 pieces printed velvets, from 50 to 75 cts pr yard
5 pieces figured and watered black velvets
20 pieces striped changeable silks
10 pieces figured, striped, and plain black silks
20 pieces colored and black Alpaca lustré
20 pieces wide French bombasins
100 pieces mouselines de laine, latest style, from 25 cents to 1 dollar
50 pieces Chusans, beautiful patterns
100 very rich colored satin shawls
Cashmere, Thibet, and mouseline shawls, a large supply
6 elegant silk velvet shawls
1 carion satin scarfs, a beautiful article
5 cartons silk fringes, colored and black
250 blanket shawls, from 50 cents to \$1 50
Gloves, silk and cotton hosiery, &c.

- STAPLE GOODS.**
50 pieces superfine and medium cloths, from \$1 50 to \$7 per yard
50 pieces assorted cassimeres
150 pieces assorted cassinets of every description and price
20 pieces merino vestings, rich and splendid
10 pieces black satin and velvet vesting
10 dozen heavy lambswool shirts and drawers
5 dozen lambswool jackets for ladies
50 dozen lambswool half hose
25 dozen gentleman's hosiery gloves
HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES.
20 pieces heavy 10-4 and 12-4 Russia sheetings
10 pieces 8-4 and 10-4 Russia table cloths
5 dozen damask tablecloths, from 2 1/2 to 6 yds long
150 pair Whitney blankets
50 Marseilles quilts, some of superior quality
20 pieces handsome curtain muslins
150 pieces curtain calicoes, &c.
Together with almost every article in the Dry Goods line.

nov 6—1m R. C. WASHINGTON.

FRESH DRY GOODS.—Just received, in addition to my former stock—
Black, blue, and gray cloths, at very low prices
Beaver and pilot cloths, from 75 cents up
Fancy and plain cassimeres
Cassinets, Kentucky and Glenrock jeans

- FLANNELS.**
White, red, and yellow, at all prices, from 20 cents up
BLANKETS.
Rose, Whitney, and point blankets, at very low prices
DOMESTICS.
Bleached and brown sheetings and shirtings
Bleached and brown Canton flannels
Bedticks, checks, and plaid cottons

- LADIES' WEAR.**
Rich crape Parisiennes
Rich figured and plain mouselines
Blue, black, and colored Alpacaes
Black and blue-black silk velvets
French and German merinoes
Calicoes at all prices, from 6 to 31 cents
Very rich embroidered thibet and merino shawls
Cashmere, cloth, silk, and blanket do

- HOSIERY.**
Alpaca, cashmere, lambswool, silk and cotton hose and half hose
GLOVES.
Kid, buckskin, merino, silk, and cotton gloves
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS.
Ipswich and Angola shirts and drawers
WOOLLENS.
Yarns, white, gray, and random
Woollen comforts and chenille boas
Ladies' and children's worsted net caps
Suspenders, scarfs, linen bosoms and collars

- TRIMMINGS.**
Gimps, fringes, laces, silk and wash thules
Coat bindings and cords
Narrow-satin lustrings and velvet ribands and rich bonnet ribands
Infants' socks, cotton laces, and white and black waddings
Together with almost every article in the dry goods line.
Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to give me a call, as I am determined to sell at small profits in order to make quick sales. Don't forget.

WM. R. RILEY,
nov 6—3t Cor. 8th st. and Cen. Market Spce.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHIG STANDARD.

SIR: The following piece of poetry, though written and published during the canvass of 1840, contains so much true sentiment and poetry, that I should like to see it published again. It is as applicable now as then. You will confer a favor by giving it a place in the Standard."

THE WHIG SHIP.

AIR.—Star Spangled Banner.

In the sky of our hope there was gathering gloom,
And a boding of tempest, our bark to sweep under;
While we heard all around the re-echoing boom,
Which roar'd from the throat of political thunder.
The fire-bolts now fly through the thick, murky sky,
And the ocean waves roll like a mountain on high.
Oh, say, can our patriot vessel withstand
The storm, that now sweeps o'er the sea and the land?

Like a sea-bird, she goes o'er the foam crested wave,
Not a reef dims the beauty her sails are displaying;
She is mann'd with a crew, frank and noble as brave,
All the love of her noble commander repaying.
Her flag floats afar on the uppermost spar,
'Tis the glorious Stripes, and the luminous Star,
And the motto it bears, on its fair azure fold,
Is "FREEDOM AND RIGHT for the Dauntless and bold!"

"Sail, ahead! cries the watch, with his keen eagle eye,
'Tis the enemy's craft, with their black banner flying;
"Every man, then, to arms!" was the captain's reply,
And their eyes flash'd the fire that was bright and undying;

There they stood, firm and true, with their foe firm in view,
And each plied his broadside, that each might subdue.
Then say, 'midst the thunder and crashing of spars,
Will the patriot ship wave triumphant her stars?

Hark, again to that broadside which rings from our deck,
Lo! the enemy's ship idly floats on the ocean!
Her hull, masts and spars, we have changed to a wreck,
As we fought the good fight in our high-souled devotion.

Ever true to our cause, we shall win the applause
Of the noble and good, who love order and laws.
And the Whig ship in glory shall sweep o'er the sea,
And our union and triumph immortal shall be!

From the (Phila.) Forum.

AUTUMN.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."

This is to us the saddest, sweetest season of the year. "Summer's gone." How much melancholy meaning is there in this single expression, especially when looking abroad upon the fields bereft of their golden harvests, its truth is every where in the change of nature's vesture. It requires not the language of poetry to tell us that "the harvest is passed, the summer is ended," and winter approacheth; the lonely flower, "the last rose of summer," and the declining rays of the sun, all tell us in language stronger than poetry, that the "summer's gone."

There is a kind of pleasing melancholy, says a beautiful writer, that comes over the mind in its contemplations of autumn, which may be likened to the feelings of the faithful Christian when about to enter upon the dark valley of the shadow of death. He has passed the seed-time and summer of life, and is standing amidst the shadows and glooms of that last autumn which brings the harvest of all his toils, and the reward of all his labors.

The killing frost of autumn falls not alone upon the green and beautiful vegetation of the earth: "man too has his autumn." When he arrives at the evening of his existence, those beauties which adorned the spring of his youth and the summer of manhood, begin to discover the autumnal tint—here and there a leaf has forsaken its parent branch; his joys and delights all have emigrated to another country—winged their way over the sea of time, and taken possession of a more benignant region.

The youthful prospect is bedecked with the evergreen verdure of spring. But the advanced years discover only the brown tints of autumn, harbingers of the dreary winter that is fast approaching.

The young, however, see nothing melancholy in autumn. They may well ask,

"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?"
When they look abroad upon our rich and variegated forest scenery.

"—When first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—"

To their young eyes only the bright colors are visible, or if they see the darker hues, they only behold them as so many shades to give relief to the beautiful painting upon nature's canvass.
Peculiar to this country, we believe, is that delicious, but melancholy season, which we denominate the "Indian Summer," and which, like the last blaze of the lamp previous to its extinguishment, usually ushers in "November's cold and chilling blast." This peculiar season has been beautifully depicted by one of America's sweetest poets, Brainard, in the following lines:

INDIAN SUMMER.

What is there saddening in the autumn leaves
Have they that green and yellow melancholy
That the sweet poet speaks of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
The dread fever quits us—when the storm
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wit,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now;
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hords his winter store,
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?

From the New York Sun.
APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

BY G. B. W. OF VA.

Niagara! world of rejoicing waters, all-glorious art thou! Unstilled in thy spotlessness, thine ocean waves roll on, pure as the streams that mirrored Eden's bowers. Beautiful thy billows in their flashing green—grand thy majestic form in wreathing clouds arrayed—solemn and awful in thy fearful bound, and strong as Death—shaking thine adamantine throne, and with the thunders of thy mighty voice thrilling the arch of Heaven, whence comest thou? Rivers from civilization's maws, and tributaries from the wilderness, where still the dusky children of the woods bask in the Autumn sun; the myriad fountains of a chain of seas, fountains unnumbered, springing up from their unfathomable wells, the waters of an empire meet in thee, and blend their shouts in thine! The heavenly iris o'er thy radiant brow shines ever in the sun; the snowy volume from thy sounding urn rises by night and day! Singing, unwearied, and rejoicing still—still through the cycles of revolving years thy choral hymn prevailing, tell me, ye countless voices, tell, when first your song began! When first the Pleiades began their flight of love among the stars—when first sweet Venus from the rosy sky smiled on the twilight hour—when first the moon slept on the bosom of the dreaming deep—when first the earth wheeled on her axle to the new-born light, did not your lofty pean swell the strain of swarming seraphim, who with their rustling wings shadowed the Throne of God? Niagara! thou world where the reflected purity, and vastness, and omnipotence of the Eternal Architect Supreme, cause us to tremble in thy presence, thine eloquence is as resistless as thy strength. We look at thy terrific leap, and hear the groans of death from the abyss—we gaze upon the misty pillar rising from the gulf, dispersing into snowy clouds that lose themselves in Heaven, and then we hope that thus the human soul emerges from its clay, and soars aloft, till swallowed up in glory! Thou bringest back the past with all its fond remembrances; the loved and beautiful, laid in their early graves, smile from thine arch of mingled glories wrought, subduing us to tenderness and gratitude. The wrongs we have received are all forgiven—the injuries we have done recall the tears of sorrow to our eyes. Love, wonder, admiration, and delight—Time and Eternity, and Life and Death, overwhelm the feeble current of our souls, and leave us unresisting and abashed as in the very presence of Divinity.

A GEM.—Give us such boys as have been blessed with the instructions of a pious mother. This is a qualification for which no substitute can be found on earth. Never would we despair of the child who has been used, in his infancy, to hear the precepts of heavenly truth inculcated in the accents of maternal love. Truths thus distilled, live for ever in the memory. They are interwoven with all the sensibilities of the soul. They are the fortress of conscience, not impregnable, it is true, but indestructible. They furnish the mind with chords which, in later life, seldom fail to vibrate to the touch of faithful expostulation. They are as unextinguished sparks, which being seemingly smothered under a heap of corruption, may be fanned by the breath of friendly and spiritual counsel into the pure and genial flame of piety.

THE PRECIOUS PEARL.—Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures her esteem, and adds a dignity and worth indescribable to all her deeds. How pleasant when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place. When about to leave her a widow, how consoling, if her character is such, that she can lean on the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of Him who is the father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope that he shall meet them all in heaven.

If there is a man who may eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

LOOKING ALOFT.—Some years ago, Dr. Godman, of Philadelphia, (now deceased) related that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, "Look aloft, you sneaking lubber." By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his footing. And this incident, the Doctor said, often recurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such times he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and he turned his eyes "aloft" to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose—to steady themselves in all the tempests of adversity by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace evermore—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by "looking aloft" to Him "who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion forever."

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—The first step towards either goodness or happiness is to believe in the existence. Are there no pleasant realities? and is this august, this magnificent, this beautiful, this delightful world to be termed a doleful dungeon, or a vale of tears? What monstrous ingratitude! Enjoyment is the natural state of existence; our senses, instead of being limited, as they might have been, to the purpose of mere existence, are made to minister unto a thousand superfluous gratifications, if any thing can be deemed superfluous that creates an innocent pleasure. What incalculable, what ineffable delight, apart from all objects of utility, are let in upon us by the eye, by the ear, by the palate, by the sense of smelling. Why is the joyous earth our magnificent banquet hall, garlanded with flowers, odorous with perfumes, and melodious with all varieties of grand and dulcet music, but that the abundant and delicious festival which is incessantly renewed for all animated beings, making their existence a perpetual jubilee, may be rendered as variously delightful as possible, and fill the mind of the reasoning guest with pious gratitude to the Creator for the blessings and delights that he hath so profusely scattered throughout the whole creation? Strange that this universal love which our common Father extends to all, without discrimination of country or of creed, should not have imbued his sons with stronger feelings of fellowship, brotherhood, and toleration.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall on the face of a dying babe which no eye can behold with heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhallowed foot of profanity dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears mocking, and here woman shows not her weakness but her strength; it is strength of attachment which man never did nor never can feel. It is perennial, dependent on no mate, no changes, nor soil, but alike in storm as in sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child go down to the valley, may weep when the shadow of death has full come over him, and as the last departing knell falls on his ears, may say, "I will go down to the grave for my son in mourning," but he turns away; for the hurry of business the tear is wiped, and when he returns to his fireside the spot where he laughs comes up to his remembrance the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, and it finds no permanent seat. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreamy hours of night. She sees its playful myrrh or plaintive cries; she "seeks it in the morning," and she goes often to the grave there to weep. Its little toys are carefully laid aside as mementoes, to keep constantly alive that thrilling anguish which the dying struggle and sad look produced, and though grief, like a canker worm, may be gnawing at her vitals, yet she finds a luxury in tears, a sweetness in sorrow which none but a mother ever tasted.

WOMAN'S TENDERNESS AND LOVE.—It has often been remarked, that in sickness, there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart—and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind, yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than light, of the sad lamp that watches it—let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and even no recollection of self. In silence in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if he speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicate to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort, and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed, her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity, herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.—Banim.

IMMORTALITY.—There is in the consciousness of every man a deep impression of continual existence. The casuist may reason against it till he bewilders himself in his own sophistries; but a voice within gives the lie to his vain speculations, and pleads for a life which is to come. The sincere and humble inquirer cherishes the impression, while he seeks for further light on a subject so momentous; and he thus receives, with absolute conviction, the truth which beams upon him from the revelation of God—that mysterious part of his being which thinks, and wills, and reasons, shall indeed survive the wreck of its mortal tenement, and is destined for immortality.